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# MEMORIES
## OF
# ALBERT THE GOOD

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*The whole profit of the sale of these Stanzas will be devoted to the "Windsor and Eton Albert Institute," the objects of which are "To secure for Literature, Science, and "Art an acknowledged home, and to erect a fitting Local "Memorial of the late Prince Consort."*

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,

OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN,

These Memories

OF HER

ILLUSTRIOUS AND REVERED FATHER

Are Dedicated

BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

GRACIOUS PERMISSION.

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# Preface.

MANY of the following verses were written before the publication, in 1875, of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of His Royal Highness Prince Albert," which has yielded me a fund of information, unattainable before; but, as I wish to narrate "memories" only, I cannot amplify them by anything which I have since learned from that delightful source, but which I do not actually remember.

I could easily have multiplied instances of the Prince's kindly nature, but have been content with one illustration of his sympathy with the bereaved poor, in the case of the orphans of Deal; and one instance of his feeling for the afflicted rich, in the case of Mrs. Anson.

My aim has been to hold up the integrity, the beautiful simplicity, and singleness of purpose of His

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Royal Highness, affording at once a rare model for imitation, and a subject for poetical thought: I regret only that my power of expression falls so far short of my appreciation of a character so beautiful, and of a theme so exalted.

In the hope that these stanzas may, even in the remotest degree, advance an Institution, which, while adding another memorial to the revered name of "ALBERT," is to "secure for Literature, Science, and Art an acknowledged home," they are published in aid of the funds of the "Windsor and Eton Albert Institute," now building in Windsor.

WANDERERS' CLUB,
PALL MALL,
*Christmas*, 1879.

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# MEMORIES

OF

# ALBERT THE GOOD.

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# Memories of Albert the Good.

I.

Hail, Memory! thou mirror of the past!
Thou tablet of the mind! Like wax, so free
Impressions to receive; yet holding fast,
Like deeply chiselled stone, tenaciously
The record of days gone. Oh, come to me;
Bring me, oh, Memory! from thy fertile clime,
The flowers of thought, whose seeds were sown for thee
In bygone years; and let my feeble rhyme
Reflect what life has traced upon the sands of time.



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II.

I pray thee, tune my harp, oh, fair Thalia,
And thou sweet Clio, history's Muse! my song
Make all thine own, and every line inspire;
For strictest truths to ALBERT'S name belong.
How weak is flattery where truth is strong!
I give the mead of praise where praise is due;
I give the lie to all the envious throng
Who on his actions, false construction threw;
Uncharitable truths proceed from charity untrue,



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III.

Extending like a landscape from the ground,
Which in my pilgrimage, I reach to-day,
Upon life's journey, as I gaze around
I see, still sun-gilt in the travelled way,
Bright spots, where time allowed me not to stay:
Peaks, where the rosé-hues linger, and afar
A blue horizon deepening into grey,
Where recollection fails. Oh, age! unbar
Youth's gate, through which the past shines like a
mist-veiled star.



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IV.

'Tis but to fools that good men seem to die ;[2]
Their acts, their fame, their light, shine after them
And live on still,—as in the midnight sky
There seems to glitter many a brilliant gem
Extinguished ages since ;[3] whose light to stem
The azure depths of space, on fleetest wing
Still travels to our world—a diadem
Which angel hands, to mortal vision fling ;
Such the undying fame of Him whose worth I sing.



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V.

For like a comet traversing the sky,
He came—he shone—he vanished ; but the arc
Through which he passed still glitters brilliantly,
And still will shine, that men may ever mark
The path of his great soul, from regions dark
Where spirits are created, to the shore,
All sunny, where shall dwell the deathless spark
Of soul, or spirit, speeding on before,
To wait the risen man, and live for evermore.



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VI.

In war's triumphal shouts he gloried not ;
The widow's wail—the orphan's bitter tear—
The blood-stained field—the death-winged cannon shot—
Sigh—groan—sword—rifle—bayonet, and spear,
Lent no false lustre to his bright career ;
No bloodshed stained his laurels, yet was he
A conqueror in a nobler, holier sphere,
Who vanquished ignorance and misery :
Such foes will ever bless, their Victor's victory.



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VII.

For in the steadfastness of his intent,
His great, pure soul its noble course pursued
Onwards—still onwards—right nor left he bent
In all his labours for the people's good;
Forward—still forward—in the front he stood,
To foster science or to solace woe;
The head of that exalted brotherhood,
Whose simple happiness it is to know
The peace and heavenly joy which from good actions
flow.



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VIII.

The open heart—which makes the open hand;
The single mind that seals its own success;
The noble soul, which every stern demand
Of charity enlarged,—the acts which bless
The poor, the widow, and the fatherless;
The humble spirit, seeking no man's praise,
Accounting its good works but nothingness;
All these were His—and fame, which ne'er decays,
Has crowned His Royal brow with everlasting bays.



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IX.

From ducal Rhine, borne on the eastern breeze
To royal Thames,—from Coburg's feudal towers
To Windsor's massive keep, whose zone of trees
The home of England's Majesty embowers,
There went a rumour, in the spring-tide hours,
Of ALBERT'S coming visit; and his name
Suffused the land—as come the early showers
To tell of summer's advent—ere he came.
The manly Prince, the princely man, though young,
well-known to fame.



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X.

For mothers told their children of his deeds,
That he, in early youth, the gift divine
Of poetry employed for other's needs;
And how, inspired by the melodious Nine,
He formed his first benevolent design,
And poured his soul in German songs, to raise
Provision for the poor. The storied Rhine—
New wealth acquiring in the Prince's lays—
His youthful songs received and murmur'd forth his praise.



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XI.

He came to England as VICTORIA'S guest,—
Came, saw, and, Cæsar like, he conquered, too;
Though Courtly etiquette compelled his breast
Its secret to retain, it struggled through
Those windows of his soul—whose brilliant hue
Gleamed brighter with the fire of love beneath—
In silent language, speaking fond and true;
Eye language is more eloquent than breath,—
What lips to ears speak not, eye to eye witnesseth.



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XII.

'Twas at a Palace ball our youthful QUEEN,
Long since prepared by her advisers good,
With maiden diffidence preferred to screen
Behind a token,[4] ever understood,
Her Queenly right of asking; maidenhood
Prerogative o'ercame, and, speechlessly,
Her bouquet, overflowing with love's food,
And symbols eloquent, and poetry,
To ALBERT'S hand gave o'er, with her heart's fealty.



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XIII.

And he, to typify the emptiness
Which his heart felt before love's fulness came,
And by a graceful action to express
The pent-up feeling which he might not name,
Which filled its caverns now with holy flame:
With ready blade his tunic severed where
His heart throbbed wildly with the hope to claim
A QUEEN so noble, a PRINCESS so fair;
And placed, with joy and pride, the gracious token
there.



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XIV.

Nor was their happiness a selfish thing:
Lord Melbourne, too, was glad—the nation smiled.
Stockmar rejoiced. The Belgians' aged King,—
Almost a father to his sister's child,—
Like Simeon[5] of old, was reconciled
To part with earthly things, and pass away.
The charm of ALBERT'S name and fame beguiled
English and Germans, old, young, grave, and gay,
And England's throne from Hanover's more distant
stood that day.



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XV.

'Twas on a misty February morn ;
Damp was the pavement ; raw the wintry air
About St. James's Palace from the dawn :
Yet all the highest in the land were there,
And Princes, Dukes, and Peers, and bridesmaids fair,
The flower of England's old nobility,
Birth, wealth, and honours, and attainments rare ;
Princes and Barons, too, from Germany,
And England's lovely dames and maids of high degree.



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XVI.

The Dukes of Sussex, Cambridge, Wellington,
Coburg, and Devonshire, and Somerset,
And royal Duchesses—the foremost one
The Queen's dear mother—nor may I forget
Melbourne the Premier, and his Cabinet,
And two young Cambridge princesses beside—
All these around St. James's altar met,
All marshalled in heraldic state and pride:
And Sussex gave away his niece, the Royal Bride.



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XVII.

And England's Primate joined in holy bands
The royal pair, whose hearts had long before
Been joined by purest love. The Church joins hands,
But Heaven alone joins hearts; and as of yore,
It still, with prince or peasant, evermore
Shall be, that human souls more close can weave
Love's silken cords around their own heart's core
Than all the sacred words the Clergy breathe,
Time-honoured by the Church, if hearts themselves
deceive.



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XVIII.

But love, which often is by Heaven denied
To royal hearts, was richly shed that day
Upon the wedded pair. Oh! happy bride!
Queen of a thousand isles, from which the ray
Of sunlight ne'er departs! one moment stay
Before the altar with thy smiling mien
Beside thy handsome Consort, while the bray
Of cannon rolls—the trumpet notes between,
Which peal the anthem forth, "God save our gracious Queen."



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## XIX.

A double crowd for five-and-twenty miles,
From Westminster to Windsor, lined their way,
And strewed their course with flowers, and cheers, and smiles,
And blessings greeted them; and banners gay,
With leafy arcs of laurel and of bay,
Were reared at every town. Then warm and bright
The sun burst forth, and on the fair array
His lustre shed, while Eton, with delight,
Her College escort[6] sent to Windsor's castled height.



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XX.

And years of happiness began that day—
A happiness but seldom dimmed by grief,
(Save when in course of nature passed away,
Of either family, the head and chief)—
A day auspicious, which in bold relief
Stands out from its surroundings, like the bells
Of lilies on the wave, or like some brief,
Bright day of childhood, whereon memory dwells:
Its griefs forgetting quite, because its joy excels.



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XXI.

Then came the days, when private happiness
Gave way to public duty, and our QUEEN,
Her loyal people's hearts to cheer and bless,
Was daily with her loving Consort seen.
Then, first I saw his handsome, noble mien,
And manly figure, and his bearing praised
With youthful wonder, as, with vision keen,
Upon the Queen and Prince I freely gazed:
High in my father's arms above the crowd upraised.



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XXII.

'Twas near the cross of Eleanor the Queen,
At Charing, and it seems but yesterday,
So well I recollect the pleasing scene:
Although my hair is changing fast to grey,
And I was then a stripling—yet so gay.
The pageant seemed—seems, for it will not fade
From out my memory—such the gentle sway
The Nation owned, and joyfully obeyed;
I wondered with what clay Republicans were made.

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XXIII.

And London's ancient Gothic hall o'erflowed
With loyal citizens, their Prince to see;
On whom the Civic Freedom was bestowed,
With forms time-honoured, pomp, and pageantry.
He came a fellow-citizen to be,
Returning honour for the honour done;
Thus the heaven-tinted flowers responsively,
Smile back upon the sky, and thus the sun
Gilds all the City's spires, to mark his course begun.



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XXIV.

And so commenced the one-and-twenty years,
Wherein—by ALBERT'S guiding genius led,
And by the ardour, which his name endears—
Arts, manufactures, sciences were sped,
And schools were built, and charities were fed:
While, like the sun among the spheres, he drew
Men round him, pure in heart, and great in head,
The wise in council, and the just and true,
Men, with the power to *think*, and force of will to *do*.



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## XXV.

One autumn morning, in a crowded street
Of London,—far above the hum of men,
And din of carriages, and horses' feet,
And ceaseless tramp of many a citizen,—
I heard a score and one of guns, and then,
Before their booming echoes passed away,
A score of bell-mouthed towers pealed forth again
The news, in merry *feu-de-joie*, to say,
"A son and heir is born to Brunswick's line to-day."



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XXVI.

With universal joy the Kingdom smiled,
Queen, Prince, and people, as one family.
A nation's hope dwelt on the new-born child,
Who further still removed the sovereignty
From Hanover: a link in History,
Between our ancient Kings, and Kings unknown:
One bulwark more for English loyalty
In years to come; one more foundation stone:
An anchor to hold fast the Sceptre, Crown, and Throne.



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XXVII.

The days of royal progresses then came,
And tours were made to countries far and near,
To foreign cities of historic fame,—
And visits paid to King, and Prince, and Peer.
To France,—to Belgium,—to the mountains dear
Of ALBERT'S fatherland. To Erin's lakes,
To Scotia's land of mountain, glen, and mere;
To Cornwall's mines,—to Devon's leafy brakes,
Where first the nightingale the sylvan echo wakes.



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XXVIII.

To Stowe, to Hatfield, and to Strathfieldsaye,
To Treport, Brussels, Coblentz, and Cologne.
Ah, well I recollect one sunny day,
Though more than twenty years since then have flown
To Ehrenbreitstein, "honour's shining stone,"
I went: whose battlements frown on the Rhine,
Where Lahn and Moselle join, yet scorn to own
Their finished course, refusing to combine,
But strive in tri-hued streams to reach the ocean's brine.



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XXIX.

And as upon the cannon-bristling height
I stood, and gazed upon the glorious scene,—
Upon my left sweet Stolzenfels, my right
Commanding views of terraced vineyards green;
Coblentz before me, and the Rhine between,—
My guide and friend, a Prussian captain, said,
"Sit here upon these walls, here sat your QUEEN,
With ALBERT, our good Prince, and honour shed,
And 'honour's shining stone' with honours over-
spread."



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## XXX.

And still where'er I went on German land,
To Ems, to Heidelberg, to fair Cologne,—
To grey historic Frankfort, ever grand
In memories of her old Imperial throne;
To ancient Bonn, where every street and stone
Is classic ground,—where Royal ALBERT'S name
Is honoured and revered for kindness shown,
And secret charities, not meant for fame;
I heard one constant voice his acts of love proclaim.



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XXXI.

Again, in England, on the Kentish shore,
Where rolls the surf upon the Goodwin Sand,
Off Walmer, where the wintry tempests roar,
And giant waves rise o'er the sunken land,
I heard a rumour of a noble band;
Four fishermen of Deal, who strove to save
A foreign crew from death. A struggle grand—
Magnanimous, intrepid, bold, and brave—
They made, but failed, and sank beneath the surging wave.



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XXXII.

And these were husbands, fathers; and their wives
And children wept a litany of tears.
Brave men are most beloved in their lives,
And in their deaths most mourned; for craven fears
Are alien to the virtue which endears
The heart wherein dwells true nobility.
All honour to the boatman, brave, who hears
A brother's voice appealing from the sea,
And nerves his heart, and speeds the life-boat manfully.



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XXXIII.

And those four gallant fishermen of Deal
Surrendered up their lives and earthly all
From simple human kindness; but to heal
The lone, sad hearts which ever vainly call
For their uncoffined dead, might well appal
The tenderest comforter. "Twice giveth he
Who giveth quickly;" and before the fall
Of that wild gale, which lashed the insatiate sea,
The Royal bounty came with tenderest sympathy.



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XXXIV.

For though no golden gifts could e'er supply
The place of those who earned the daily bread,
And cherished wives and children lovingly—
The bravest, the most loving—yet the head
Which prompted aid, and that great heart which bled
For orphan's woe and widow's agony,
Found sweeter rest that night7 for having shed
The silvery balm of kindly sympathy,
Blent with the golden aid of well-timed charity.



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XXXV.

But all in vain my words—in vain my verse—
In vain my memory—and in vain my pen—
A tythe of his good actions to rehearse,
Or charities unknown to human ken;
For in the lives of Nature's noblest men
Are chapters sealed, which but the few may read—
Too sacred for the world. I would not, then,
Proclaim his secret aid in other's need,
For his left hand knew not his bounteous right hand's deed.



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XXXVI.

So turn I from the record of his praise—
Praise that were fulsome were it not so true,
That simple truth seems flattery; yet each phrase
I use is all too weak; for as the dew
Distils not on the road, or field ploughed new,
Or gravelly path in waste, but on the green
And tender grass, and fern, and hare-bell blue,
And modest violet in its leafy screen,
His bounty fell where'er its want appeared most keen.



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XXXVII.

When England's greatest General was borne
To his cathedral tomb by Nelson's side,
And thousands came from far and near to mourn
Great Wellington, who oft had death defied,
And full alike of years and honours, died—
I saw the noble ALBERT in the line
Of mourners, and could not the contrast hide
Between the two; though wreaths both brows entwine:
One conquered by the sword, and one by love divine.



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XXXVIII.

And day by day some goodly work achieved—
Some sorrow lightened, or some action done
For others' weal ; some pressing woe relieved ;
Some plan devised, or noble deed begun ;
Or over ignorance some conquest won ;
Afforded him a wide and glorious field
Wherein to toil ; and each day's rising sun
But lighted him to labours, whose sure yield
Of work for love performed, a goodly harvest sealed



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XXXIX.

Yet well he knew that when the bow is bent
Too long, it warps and weakens, and he found
On Ardverikie's wilds the red deer's scent,
And roebuck's track, pursued with fleet-limbed hound ;
And rifle's crack, which made the hills resound ;
And plunging salmon in the Deeside streams,—
A genial change, which lent each pulse's bound
New health and vigour. Thus the sunlight gleams
Through darkened groves, and paints the flowerets
with his beams.



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XL.

But, ah! how close on Pleasure's rosy heels
The tyrant Sorrow treads—so near, that Grief
Seems often like Joy's shadow. He who feels
His pleasures keenly seldom knows how brief
The term of their endurance, ere the thief,
Pale Sorrow, comes, like wintry winds in May;
Death at a bridal; snow on harvest sheaf,
And, like an avalanche, sweeps all away,
And night's dark shades eclipse the amber hues of day.



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XLI.

And thus it was when gifted Anson died,
So young, so strong, that death seemed far away;
In all the fulness of life's surging tide,
Struck down before the noon of manhood's day:
A scholar so accomplished, that the ray
Of his attainments would have marked his name,
As one his country might with pride survey
Inscribed—when days of "learned leisure" came—
In letters golden-hued upon the scroll of Fame.



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XLII.

The Prince's Treasurer,[8] companion, friend,
From Scotland travelling with the Royal pair,
His last farewell at Derby took, to spend
Some happy weeks in Needwood's forest fair,
His loving wife with joy rejoining there.
But ere the first flush of their bliss was o'er,
One sharp and sudden pang, too keen to bear,
Flashed through his brain—her loving arms upbore
His stricken form two hours—then Anson was no more.



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XLIII.

Ah ! who shall tell her anguish, when the sun
Of her young life in noon-day brightness set ?
How vain are words, to speak of life begun,
And ended when love's spring and summer met !
No child to soothe her solitude—but yet
As much as earth could give of sympathy
On her was shed : for Royal eyes were wet
With tears unchecked in her adversity.
Who gleans where death has reaped, gains naught
but misery.



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XLIV.

But manly hearts, borne down by deepest grief,
Rebel not against Heaven's supreme decree,
And laws unchangeable, but find relief
In hard and honest toil continually;
And ALBERT'S greatest work, the industry
Of nations to collect, the project weaved:
Two years he laboured on incessantly;
And what his world-improving mind conceived,
With Paxton's skill to aid, his diligence achieved.



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XLV.

And day by day an ærial structure rose;
Apparently so slight, and yet so strong:
So vast, that its proportions, grand enclose,
At either end of its nave's vista long,
Two stately elms, which giants seem, among
The fountains, and the flowers and statues fair,
And works of art and industry, which throng
Nave, aisles, and galleries; and banners rare,
In gorgeous blazonry, each nation's place declare.



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XVI.

A thousand workmen reared the fairy hall ;
Ten thousand more for two years toiled to fill
Its courts, and galleries, and aisles, with all
Art could produce, or cunning workmen's skill
Could fabricate. And as the trickling rill
Becomes a river, from whose fertile bed
The meadows drink their nourishment until
The waving harvest bends its golden head,
So twice ten thousand mouths by ALBERT'S hand were fed.



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XLVII.

It was a grand and memorable day,
One not to be forgotten in a life,
That smiling, glorious, balmy first of May—
The Exhibition's birth-day; when the strife
Of hammer, and of anvil, which were rife
Until the latest moment,[9] ceased to din;
And chaos changed to order—drum and fife
And guns without, the loud salute begin,
And England's Anthem peals from organ notes within.



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XLVIII.

Hark ! 'tis the glorious march from Athalie ;
The long procession winds in Regal state,
Through nave and aisles toward the canopy,
And dais, and throne : Queen, Prince, and Potentate,
Ambassadors, Commissioners, all wait
And stand to hear the Dedication read ;
A thousand voices then reverberate
Around, by grand orchestral music led,
As through the building vast the glorious chorus
spread.



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XLIX.

And ALBERT stood beside THE QUEEN, and gazed
Upon his finished work.[10] He who gave birth
From his creative mind to all, and raised
The glittering Palace, and from all the earth
Obtained art treasures, gems of priceless worth,
Inventions beautiful, and sculpture rare,
From every land embraced in ocean's girth ;
Stood calmly breathing his thanksgiving there,
While Handel's "Hallelujah" shook the palace fair.



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L.

Then on a night of grand unwonted state,
I visited the Opera, to see
The French Imperial visitors, and great
The concourse was, and great the loyalty ;
Victoria with Napoleon, Eugenie
With Albert, entered to the thrilling staves
Of either nation's songs alternately—
" God save the Queen"—" Britannia rules the waves"—
And " Partant pour la Syrie," the song of Gallic braves.



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LI.

And Princes and Princesses fair were born :
Bright buds of promise—jewels in the Crown,
And flowers of happiness who still adorn
Their high position; worthy the renown
Of ancestry illustrious, handed down,
Almost a thousand years; for ALBERT'S care,
The while sufficing other cares to drown,
By loving nurture, principle, and prayer
Imbued his children's minds with wisdom's precepts fair.



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LII.

It was a privilege—which twice was mine—
To listen to his words, and watch his face
All glowing with a radiance divine,
Soul-lit and beaming. As his thoughts apace
Flashed forth, too swift for utterance, the trace
Of kindliness was mirrored, through the strife
Of varying emotions ; while the grace
Of intellect his features filled with life,
As some fair volume gleams with illustrations rife.



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LIII.

His was true genius and true virtue too;
He did his duty honestly and well,
Where most men would have failed, or feared to do
That which unfriendly comment might impel;
But ALBERT could the cynic's shaft compel,
Against his truthful breast to break or bend,
The single-purposed in chain-armour dwell,
And he, with charity which knew no end,
His enemies forgave, and ne'er forgot a friend.



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LIV.

For enemies he had—ah! who has not?
The pure young maid who knows no earthly taint,
The world-ignoring hermit in his grot,
The sacred preacher, and the holy saint,
Whose self-denying life is all restraint;
The pure in heart, the great in charity,
The nursing sister with night-watching faint,
All suffer from detraction's enmity,
All feel the poisoned shafts of baseless calumny.



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LV.

But though his coward enemies attacked
His motives pure—their craven names unknown—
For one and all the manly courage lacked
The authorship of what they wrote to own,
Complaining of "a voice behind the throne,"
When he sage counsel gave; right royally,
By silence dignified, his scorn was shown;
He wins who waits, while his accusers flee,
And Parliament upheld his truth and probity.



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LVI.

For he was upright, humble, just, and true,
His own opinions sinking,[11] aiming not
At individual power, and very few
Like him possessed the wisdom to allot
To every man his value. Scheme and plot,
He fathomed quickly; bade the courtier flee,
The sycophant retire; while to each spot
His presence lit, flocked minds of high degree,
To grace Victoria's Court, renowned for purity.



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LVII.

Would'st thou, like him, obtain mankind's esteem?
Preserve thine own, and leave to Heaven the rest.
And yet esteem not thou thyself, but deem
The monitor impartial in thy breast,
A guide unerring; let not interest,
Pride, prejudice, sin, self, or earthly clod,
Obscure the voice of thine indwelling guest;
Crush not the lilies rising through the sod;
When conscience speaks to thee, it is the voice of God.



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LVIII.

Would'st thou, like him, be upright, just, and true?
Let no divided purpose fill thy mind;
But what thou deem'st to be thy duty, do
With singleness of aim, and thou shalt find
That he who feeds, clothes, warms, or cheers mankind,
His own soul cherishes, sustains, and stays;
Feed then the hungry, cheer the sick and blind,
Reclaim the erring, and the fallen raise;
"Bread on the waters cast returns in many days."



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LIX.

The poor are poor, that rich men's hearts may melt;
The rich are rich, that poor men may be fed;
Where poverty and sickness are unfelt,
Sweet Charity, which feeds on love, lies dead,
Or dormant, but she thrives upon the bread,
Which she to others gives from her own store;
And to her loving ear, the kindly tread
Of gentle footsteps to the sick man's door,
Is cadence sweeter far than poet's well-tuned lore.



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LX.

Would'st thou be charitable? Take thy pen,
Each week when man's time is about to cease,
And God's day to begin, and note down then
The sum of all thy worldly wealth's increase,
From which, if thou would'st seek thy rest in peace,
Set by a tenth for Him who gave it thee;
But let not this thy conscience all release,
Nor think thyself from obligation free,
This is God's due alone—it is not charity.



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LXI.

This done, then ask the question of thyself,
What blessings in thy pathway have been strewed!
If perils passed, or unexpected wealth,
Success achieved, or health and strength renewed,
Make no demand as mercies to be viewed,
For these, an offering bountiful and free,
Make thou to Heaven with fervent gratitude,
For all its gifts bestowed on thine and thee,
And what thou givest more, alone is charity.



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LXII.

Thus shall the bright example ALBERT shed,
Like rich grain sown, a fertile harvest yield;
"He being dead yet speaks:" the illustrious dead
Behind them leave a rich and well-sown field,
Embued with living germs, to be revealed
In constant life, and teeming fruitfulness.
His works still prosper, for his wisdom sealed
The firm foundations of their sure success;
As age on age rolls on, each age his name shall bless.

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LXIII.

Not quite a King, yet more—a brilliant reign
He made more brilliant; never had a King
An ARTHUR or an ALFRED in his train,
So vast a dower of benefits to bring.
None knew his worth till his bright soul took wing,
As some great crested wave dissolves in spray,
All suddenly dispersed, nor lives to fling
Its diamonds pure upon earth's tainted clay,
To higher spheres exhaled, to bask in Heaven's pure ray.



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LXIV.

Not quite a King—yet many crowns he wore:
Art claimed him as her Prince, and science fair
Adorned with palms the stately brow, which bore
Right Royally its honours. Though no care
To gain applause he took, a wisdom rare,
A matchless judgment, an unselfish aim,
A rectitude no slander could impair,
His children leave a legacy of fame:
That great inheritance—a pure unspotted name.



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LXV.

The ancient trees of Windsor's forest sighed,
And bowed their stately heads—the winds sad wail,
Moaned through the barren boughs, whose leafy pride
Below was rustling in December's gale.
An influence unknown made all things quail,
For God's right hand was beckoning ALBERT o'er
Death's gloomy valley, through the skies to sail,
To hear His voice upon the golden shore,
"'Ye did it unto Me,' here dwell for evermore."



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LXVI.

He died in his full manhood, while youth's fire
Still in the outworks of his being flowed;
Ere age or illness made his strength retire,
Half-vanquish'd to the citadel[12], where glowed
A soul, which all its energies bestowed
Upon the people's weal—all silently
In night's dark watches, traversing the road,
Which leads to brighter worlds; whose gate sets free
The earth-bound soul to rise, and soar eternally.

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LXVII.

Sweet is the slumber of the holy dead,
No laurels need they o'er their peaceful grave :
The melancholy yew and cypress shed
No thoughts of hope as their dark branches wave.
When good men's souls "return to God who gave:"
The poor man's blessing, in their parting hours
Mementos more enduring shall engrave
Than meretricious laurels. Brightest flowers
Should deck the Christian's tomb to tell of heavenly bowers.



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LXVIII.

In Windsor's ancient forest ALBERT sleeps,
Environ'd by the trees he loved so well ;
Where silent Nature, lovely mourner, keeps
Her watch around the marble citadel
Wherein he lies entombed—a sacred cell,
Which guards his body from earth's common clay :
And loving ones, whose hearts with sorrow swell,
Bring blooming flowers upon his tomb to lay,-
Enwreathed in circled bands, the types of endless day.



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LXIX.

Nor is his tomb his only monument:
Two other grand "memorials" to his name,
And blameless life, and virtues eminent,
While marble shall endure—will speak his fame.
The one, where Schools of Art and Science claim
The site his labours purchased for all time:
The other, where proud Wolsey's selfish aim
A cenotaph had decked, in death to climb
The tomb of Kings,[13] but met, a Nemesis sublime.



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LXX.

"He who exalts himself shall be abased:"
And Wolsey's tomb three hundred years remained
A monument to fallen pride—disgraced
From all his honours; hardly he obtained
A refuge and a grave. But he who gained
His honest fame by labours diligent,
A shrine in loving British hearts attained
And Windsor glories in the thousands spent
To deck the twice-foiled [14] tomb, for ALBERT'S monument.



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LXXI.

And there in sculptured effigy he lies
In polish'd marble; and the walls around
Glow with entablature inlaid, which vies
With mediæval art; bright hues abound
Of porphyry and malachite; the ground,
Roof, walls, and storied windows, equally
With ornament replete; nor is there found
One spot from costly decoration free;
Lake-like, the polished floor reflects all faithfully.



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LXXII.

Hard by, the organ—which he loved—forth peals,
Oft times his own, some heavenly melody;
And soft as angel's whisper'd words it steals,
Or, like a torrent, rolls in majesty
Throughout the Garter-chapel's sanctuary;
Where, o'er his vacant Stall, his helm, and crest,
His Garter-plate and mantle, silently
His rank and ancient lineage attest;
And there his banner hangs in herald's blazon dressed.

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LXXIII.

As when some traveller, with reluctant feet,
From Alpine summits passing to the plain,
Turns and looks upward from the vale, to greet
The Eigher[15] or the Jungfrau once again,
Towering above the snow-capped mountain-chain;
So turn I lovingly, and in the flow
Of retrospective thought my vision strain;
ALBERT THE GOOD I see above me glow,
His canopy the stars, his crown like purest snow.

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# *NOTES.*

I.

See verse 55.

II.

"In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace."—*Wisdom of Solomon.*

III.

"There is no star whose light reaches us under three years; there are some of them whose light does not reach us under thirty years. According to all appearance certain stars could be visible several millions of years after having been destroyed, for the light which is emitted by them takes many millions of years to traverse the space which separates them from the earth."—*Camille Flammarion.*

IV.

"At one of the Palace balls the Queen presented her bouquet to the Prince, at the conclusion of a dance. His close uniform, buttoned up to the throat, did not admit of his placing the Persian-like gift where it would be most honoured, so he immediately drew his pen-knife, and cut a slit in his dress, in the neighbourhood of his heart, where he graciously deposited the happy omen."—*Daily Telegraph.*

V.

The joy of King Leopold when he heard the news of the Queen's engagement to H.R.H. Prince Albert was so great that he expressed it in the words of the *Nunc dimittis.—See Martin's "Life of His Royal Highness Prince Albert."*

VI.

"The Eton boys, wearing white favours, were marshalled to receive the Queen, and escorted her to the Castle gates."—*Annual Register.*

VII.

This happened in November, 1842, during a visit of the Queen and Prince Consort to the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle.

VIII.

"October 8th, 1849.—At Needwood, Staffordshire, aged 37, George Edward Anson, Esqre., Keeper of Her Majesty's privy purse, Treasurer

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of the Household to H.R.H. Prince Albert, &c. Second son of the Dean of Chester and youngest brother of Viscount Anson. Appointed Secretary to Prince Albert and also Treasurer. * * * He was sworn a Member of the Duchy of Lancaster, under which he held his office in the Forest of Needwood. He was an elegant and accomplished scholar, and much attached to literature and the fine arts. He had attended the Queen and Prince on their visit to Ireland, remained in the Royal suite at Balmoral, and accompanied Her Majesty as far as Derby: he took leave in order to join Mrs. Anson, at Needwood, where his death ensued a few hours afterwards in a fit of apoplexy." —*Annual Register.*

IX.

The Exhibition was not quite complete on the opening day.

X.

The Prince received the first medal, which was "For the original conception and successful prosecution of the idea of the Great Exhibition of 1851."

XI.

In a letter to the Duke of Wellington, the Prince says that his principle was "To sink his own individual existence in that of his wife; to aim at no power by himself or for himself, to shun all ostentation, to assume no separate responsibility before the public," etc.—*Martin's "Life of H.R.H. Prince Albert."*

XII.

This simile was taken from a sermon on the Prince's death.

XIII.

Wolsey's "tomb house," so called for many years, was built by Henry VII. for himself and his successors; but the King afterwards built a more stately tomb for himself at Westminster, and Henry VIII. made a grant of his father's first mausoleum to Wolsey. The cardinal at once commenced his cenotaph or tomb: Beneditti, a statuary from Florence, was called in and employed on brazen columns and brazen candlesticks. So far was the work advanced before Wolsey's fall, that the ornaments for his tomb were sold in 1640 as defaced brass for £600. (*See Jesse's "Windsor Castle."*) This building is now the Albert Memorial chapel.

XIV.

"Twice foiled"—first of the body of King Henry VII., and again of the body of Cardinal Wolsey.

XV.

I take the Eigher as an emblem of lofty aspiration; the Jungfrau as an emblem of purity.

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